

### **SORIN CERIN**

# **ABSURD** - Philosophical poems

2021

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#### 1. Without any mistake

Dawns abandoned, by their own Divine Light, are sold to the naked Days, for nothing, handcuffing us of Absurd, the Loneliness, of the Windows of Sky, which are closed to us, to the Escape from ourselves, forcing us, to we burn in the Dust of Pain, in which they embodied us, the Illusions of Life and Death, to play our roles of lead, of the Living Statues, which we must interpret them, without any mistake, compared to the Mistake of Creation.

#### 2. Long funeral convoys of Memories

It's so much burning heat of Words, in all this mire of Thoughts, insalubrious and decomposed, which are drank in the cups of desert, of the Non-Senses of Existence, on the nameless streets of the Dreams, which wander chaotically, through the agglomerations of the Balances, on which we live, the Eternities of Moments killed, and led, in long funeral convoys of Memories, toward the poor graves, of the Glances of the Absurd.

### 3. Through which it stops only the Train of the Absurd

Gates of Tears, they close the Endlessness of the Stars, of some Words. in the Souls of Fire, of the Loves, for to enlighten us, the Sunrises of the Hopes, with new Dreams, what they will snow, over, the foreheads of the interminable Expectations, from the stations devastated by Smiles, through which it stops, only the Train of the Absurd, the single bridge of escape, from the camp of our own Consciousnesses, even though it links us, by the World of the Nobody, where we still believe, that we will meet, the Souls Mates. of the Destinies.

#### 4. What fall through the ditches of the pale Light

Bars of Darkness, they guard us the Thoughts of Lead, of the gray Sky, from the blind Eyes, of the empty Days, which we no longer succeed, to we cross their street to Death, than helped by alcoholic stars, drank from the cups of desert, of the Forgetfulness by ourselves, what fall through the ditches of the pale Light, of the bloody Sunsets, of the Time, what went through our fingers of smoke, of the Happiness, drowned in the Absurd.

#### 5. The Loneliness of the Absurd

We always wander, among Essences of Divine Light, kept in old bottles, from before being the World, by the Subconscious Stranger, of our Love. to be served to us, on the large tables, of the Horizons of some Dreams, which seem to never get tired, of how much. and how far, run, with our Hearts of Sky, pulling them, toward the Boundlessness from ourselves, so that we may meet, the Happiness, which can barely breathe, the Loneliness of the Absurd, which suffocates it, without us, following as after we meet her, we will all carry, this burden, of the Respiration.

#### 6. Steps of Rags

We are born with Steps of Rags, torn from the rags of the Falling Stars, of the Dreams, which, to wipe, the black and cold asphalt, of the Eternities of Moments killed, on which to pass us indifferent, the Empty Days, at whose gates, at whose gates, we beat, with the Hearts, of Sky lost, by ourselves, always, for to carry us further, the burden of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence. toward the Absurd, which will fulfill our Destiny, with a Death.

#### 7. Which declares itself to be of the Nobody

Massive walls, of Empty Hearts, they guard the Glances of lead, of the Days, among which we pass, unnoticed. chewing us in continuation, the Illusions of Life and Death, on wide boulevards and vagrants, of the Absurd, which we live them. at the maximum intensity, of the vain Hope, from the address without any purpose, of the Destiny, which declares itself. to be of the Nobody, and to which we can invite, the Loves lost. even by our Subconscious Stranger.

#### 8. With the black clouds and thick of the Absurd

I and forgot from how much Time, lacking the Consciousness of the Times, we run with the funeral convoys, of the Years of Lead, among chaotic Agglomerations, of Cemeteries of Words, from which we often injure ourselves, bleeding the Sunrises of Loneliness, which, they trickle, on the chests of the Hearts of Sky, covered, with the black clouds and thick, of the Absurd, of the cups of desert, from which we drink the bitter stone of Thoughts, carved, in the image and likeness of the Inferno, of to be the Living Statues, of the Pain.

#### 9. From the nameless tombs of the Absurd

It's raining with Questions, on the dry faces of the Thoughts, intensifying the heat, of bitter Dreams of the Vanity, through whose Happinesses, we have incarnated our Lives, what, we carry them, on the shoulders of the Cemeteries of Words, in the funeral processions of the Empty Days, toward the funerals, of the Eternities of Moments. from the nameless tombs of the Absurd, to which. our own Destinies, have made for them, a Purpose, to be achieved, for which they make every effort, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence.

#### 10. They made a creed of to crush us, the Will

Fallen under the Covenant, of the Eyes of Sky, with tears, of the Pain, we have incarnated our Love, without to we want, in the mire of the Vanity, of the Illusions of Life and Death. from which the massive Walls of the Dreams, they made a creed, of to crush us, the Will, on the black and cold asphalt, of the Tombs of Moments, what are wandering desperate, on the streets of Misunderstandings, from which the Empty Days of Nobody, they give us to drink the Unhappiness, of this World. in the sumptuous cups of desert, of the Absurd.

#### 11. Which fall deaf and inert

Hysterical and grave laughter of Tombs, break the hourglasses from the patterns of the Time, running wildly, through the gray lead of the Glances, which fall deaf and inert, on the exhausted shoulders, of the Dreams, of bitter stone, from which the Illusions of Life and Death, have sculpted our faces, in the image and likeness of the Pains, which we are obliged to interpret them, in our quality, of Living Statues of the Absurd.

#### 12. We seek exhausted

In order to enlighten us, the Art of Self-liberation, the nameless Shores, they ask us to receive them, in the Heart of endless Sky, of the Subconscious Stranger, what, followed us, from before being the World of the Absurd, forsaking together with us, the Star of Immortality, which we breathe. through all the pores of the Words of the Eternity, which she addressed to us, the Love. which we seek exhausted, by the heavy and indifferent Clouds, of the Horizons, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which we can never catch them, in the fists of the Happiness, to find out.

#### 13. Wash me, Death, with a Salvation

Wash me, Death, with a Salvation, by me myself, until they will be emptied to me, all the cups of desert, of Hope, from which I drink my Despair, and then let me watch, the Absurd of the Cemetery, in which we were forced to live, and whose Tear of Helplessness, trickles over the Word of Creation. of the Original Sins, which they received them as a gift, the Eternities of Moments, killed unjustly, in order to cross us. the bridge of the Being, which meanders only, through the mire of the Incarnations in Pain.

And then take me, to the Heavens of the Absolute Truth, of the Subconscious Stranger, whose Eyes of Dreams, I've never seen them.

#### 14. In a bell of the Absurd

Nails, gnawed by vain Hopes, they rummage through the Dust of the Incarnation, of, on the graves of the Words, on which we addressed them to us. in the cups of desert of the Glances, which have been drank to us. by the Criminal Time, all in one breath, leaving behind him, only Eternities of killed Moments, buried later. by the Empty Days, of which we have struck our Dreams, in a bell of the Absurd, in whose grave and sinister knell, we carry and now, the Illusions of Life and Death, on the shoulders of the Lead Tears, of the Lonelinesses.

#### 15. On the valleys of the Wrinkles of the Absurd

The ghosts of vain Dreams, they haunt us the lost Glances, on the bloody Horizons, of the Nobody, which flow us, through the veins of the deserted Years, of the gray Steps, which slide chaotically, on the valleys of the Wrinkles of the Absurd, in the cups of desert, of the Tombs of Loves, which we all drink them, to the last drop, of the Hazard. of the Illusions of Life and Death, which they always serve them to us, the Non-Senses of Existence, thus building a World, of the Vanity.

#### 16. The steps of the Words have become wild

The steps of the Words have become wild, of so much dusty road of Meanings, thrown through the deserts, of the Glances of Absurd. what have lost their addresses, of our Eyes of Sky, suddenly covered, by the Clouds, heavy and deprived of Life, of the Days of Lead, gray and sad, which rain us. on the cold and expressionless lips, what, they can no longer articulate, not even a Hug, with the Time of the Nobody, on the frozen Smiles. of the Thoughts of ice, on the stretches of which he skates us, the Destiny.

#### 17. The dice falsified by Steps

The dice falsified by Steps, fall heavy and dejected, on the game tables, built from the Dust of the Incarnation, in Mud. of the Mistakes of Creation, sinking as deep as possible, in the abyss of the Darkness, cold and unwelcoming, of Destiny, for to fall. only on the winning numbers, of the Illusions of Life and Death, to which we were thrown, as spiritual food, descended from the Star of Immortality, of the Love, for to delight, the macabre tastes, of the Absurd.

### 18. Through the ditches of the Falling Stars of the Time

Waiting us for the redemptive Death, Bridges of Divine Light, they open for us, in the distances of Dreams, of the Subconscious Stranger, still untouched, by the Illusions of Life and Death, to be poured to us, in the cups of desert, of the Destinies. which intoxicate so much, the Non-Senses of Existence, that they manage to sleep, through the ditches of the Falling Stars, of the Time. which is no longer interested in anything else, than to we accompany him, in the funeral processions, blackened with the lead of Thoughts, which accompany them, the Eternities of the Moments, toward our Cemeteries of Words, from the stages of the Absurd Theater, of the Present.

#### 19. On the scenes of the refrigerators of Words

Roles, of Smiles, played with the houses closed, by the Living Statues, on the scenes of the refrigerators of Words, from the Morgues deprived of, the electricity of the Glances, where we do the autopsy, of the Dreams, which build Cathedrals, of Vices, of the Absurd, full of the icons of Passions, of, bitter stone, from which we sculpt, the cups of desert, from which we drink our Sufferings.

#### 20. Assassinated by the Time of the Vanities

Troubled shores, of broken Hourglasses, which they want to reach, the Illusions of Life and Death, to gather Shards of Dreams, with which to they cut the veins of our Destinies, in a funeral procession, of the Absurd. of the Proscribed Icons of the Love, of the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, always sought by the Original Sins, of the Mistakes of Creation, for to be assassinated, by the Time of the Vanities, which does not see in us, than the raw material. necessary for the Pain, for to create, Cemeteries of Words.

#### 21. The decomposed Mud of the Absurd

Glances braided, by the Cold of the Absurd, from the hot lips of Loneliness, they press us hard and insistently, the Darkness that falls, over the beaten palms of the Questions, which have nothing to add, to the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence, which have thrown us into the compact nets, of the Incarnations, in the decomposed Mud, of the Absurd, which burns us the Dreams, of Living Statues, that play to exhaustion, the roles of Happiness, on the stages of Nobody, with the Souls bent by Pain.

#### 22. Death gives us vouchers of fidelity

Dawns lost at the roulettes of Destinies, are tied in stacks of banknotes, through the cash desk of the Loneliness, where it is calculated each time, the price paid, for the Vices of the God. of the Mistakes of Creation, which we have to pay them, with our Suffering, at every cash register, of the Non-incidentally Happenings, for which, the Death, gives us vouchers of fidelity, handed by the Absurd, for every Vanity bought, from the Slave Fairs of Time. which sells his Eternities of Moments, for nothing, to any Illusions of Life and Death, of our Love.

#### 23. The Victory

Every time, when we sing on the strings of Glances, with the bow of the Absurd, Death makes a sign to us, to we repeat again the score of the Sufferings, in the furious applause, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence, which recite together with us, the sound made by the cups of desert, which hit each other, honoring themselves, for the Victory, of to be sipped, by as many lips as possible, of the penetrating Cold, of our Incarnations. in the Living Statues, of the Cemeteries of Words, which we interpret perfectly, every time, when we meet, own Human Condition, next to Death.

#### 24. Through the Incarnations of the Pains

Windows, of Thoughts, lie closed and moldy, on the dusty streets with Remorse, of the Empty and depraved Days, of the Absurd, what they wink to the Time, vitiated by the Gambling, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence, through the dilapidated and deserted stations, of the Happiness, where we remained only us, the Living Statues, of the same Absurd, what, we live incarcerated, through the Incarnations of the Pains, where we became falsified tokens. which must be thrown, so hard. into the head of Love, so that the Blood of the Glances to flow, on the cold and sad cement of the Nobody, in order to win, every time, the Death.

#### 25. As the fruit of the Mistakes of Creation

I am looking for you, Self Liberation, every time I dress, the costumes of the Sufferings, of Living Statues, to play my performances, on the boulevards gnawed by Remorse, of the Incarnations in the Mud of the Word of Creation, of the Original Sins, as the fruit of the Mistakes of Creation, of an equally selfish God, as are the Illusions of Life and Death. after the image and likeness of which, we have to show, both us and our cathedrals of Dreams, when we kill the Eternities of Moments, of the Loves. which sigh on the tired and sad Horizons, of the Tears, after us, the ones before, of to be fed with the Absurd of the cups of desert, of the Vanities of this World.

#### 26. The long funeral processions of the Absurd

Even the Original Sins, of the Mistakes of Creation, have remained, overwhelmed by the restlessness, of the Horizons of Suffering, from the Blood of the Ancestors, throw on the Roads of Forgetfulness, gilded with Empty Words, on which spend their unwashed Days, framed in the Icons of the Time, the last Eternities of Moments, accompanying, the long funeral processions of the Absurd, of the Illusions of Happiness and Compassion, whose roles we play, we, the Living Statues, of the Existential Non-Senses, tied, with the ropes of the Compromises, by the Gallows thirsty for Thoughts, of the Pain, of the Distances, by ourselves.

#### 27. The Divinity of the Absurd

The covenants uttered by the Illusions, of the Love, Happiness, and Hierarchy of Pleasures, to the Divinity of the Absurd, are the strongest vows of the World, because they embody, in a Unitary Whole, both, the Pains of the Creations, of the Existential Non-Senses, of the Nature of the Human Condition. as well as the Illusions that give them Feeling, determining the Vanity of the Being, of to be, a Living Statue, used in the most inhuman roles, thought of by God, for to write with the defective Blood, of the Genes of the Pain, The History of Lies, from the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, and to the Present.

#### 28. The remains of some Cemeteries of Words

What we consider to be Truth, in this World of the Absurd, it can be nothing more, than the remains of some, Cemeteries of Words, poured hot, in the cups of nowhere, of the Non-Senses of Existence, to impress, the penetrating Cold, from expressionless Lips, of the Illusions of Happiness, for to be drank, through the ditches of the Falling Stars, by Death.

#### 29. In the bodies of the Absurd

Wings of the Endlessness, of our Guardian Angels, what are played at the dusty roulette of the Hazard, by Destiny, are bound by the pillars of the Vanity, of this Incarnation, in the Mud of the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, to no longer be able to uplift us, beyond us, where is waiting for us, the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, of the Love, to discern us, from Memories of the Future, the face we had. before being imprisoned, in the bodies of the Absurd, of these Non-Senses of Existence. of the Nobody.

#### 30. Fallen in the Glances of the Absurd

No matter how much we try, to rummage, with the gnawed and bloodied Nails, of the Words. the Dust, hard as the bitter stone, of the Tombs of some Hopes, fallen in the Glances of the Absurd, from which we carved the face of Pain, and which covers us now, the Shadows of Traces, of some Loves. it seems we will never succeed, to bring back, on ourselves, from the cold of the Coffins of Dreams, where were thrown to us. the Guardian Angels, of Immortality, by the Illusions of Life and Death.

### 31. In the Pain and the Absurd of the Non-Senses of Existence

Lead stairs, they guard the Distances of the Heavens, lost in the Eyes of the Dreams, from whose bodies, we would like to take too, the Endlessness, which we should clothe it, to the services of the Profoundness, from the Churches of the Words, where to we ask the Knees of the Thoughts, if they have chosen well, the Icons - Miracles Workers, of the Hopes, which could help us, to finding the Subconscious Stranger, which is shipwrecked through the boundless depths, of our Souls, handcuffed by Death, once with the Incarnation in the Pain and the Absurd, of the Non-Senses of Existence.

#### 32. The Consciousness of the Absurd

Leaves of Opinions, fall rusty, on the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, drawing an Autumn of the Nobody, on the massive Walls. of the Illusions of Life and Death, from which the Non-Senses of the Existence, of the Happiness, they broke, for each of us, a slice of Illusion of the Pleasures, which we enjoyed, until we bit, the bloody Horizons of the fingers, of the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth. of the Love, which asked us, if, not even now, we are not satiated, finally, by ourselves, and showed us Death, what was waiting for us, for her to feed. from what we had meant until then, in the Consciousness of the Absurd.

#### 33. Stretches of Absurd

Waves of Thought, of the Great Universal Contemplation, are thrown, in the trash cans of the Time, for to lie subjected, to the Illusions of the Conscience, from which the laws of the Hazard, to feast, by lighting the Fire, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, at which to heat up, the Mistakes of the Creation, of the Original Sins, when they create, new Stretches of Absurd, on the decomposed Skies of the Dreams, of a World of the Nobody.

#### 34. The Cathedrals of Desert

Lost among Nobody's Horizons, the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, is looking for an identity, among the waves of the Blood, of the defective Genes, of the Mistakes of Creation, when we get to ask, the Cathedrals of Desert, of our Aspirations, why are they so necessary, the Original Sins, of the Absurd, of the Non-Senses of Existence, to a Being in search, of the Absolute and Boundlessness?

#### 35. From the Absurd exhaustion

Will we ever be saved, by the Great Universal Contemplation, from the Absurd exhaustion, of the Incarnations. in the Mud of the Pain, where the Illusions of Life and Death, they take us, full of greed and meanness, with every Eternity of Moment killed, through which we pass, without our will, even the last crumb of Dignity, which we should have had, in front of the Absolute Truth, of the Subconscious Stranger, of the Love, about ourselves?

### 36. The perfidious Absurd of the Incarnations

Poisoned by the empty pockets, of the Aspirations, to Nowhere, the Vices exploited without mercy, by the Illusions of Life and Death, seek relief. in the perfidious Absurd of the Incarnations, from the Mud of the Mistakes of the Creation, which they raise, to the rank of Great Art, of the Compromises, determining, the birth without mercy, of the Humanism, which was later left. to fend for itself, before the Pain. of the Non-Senses of Existence.

#### 37. Reported to the Absurd

In a World, of the Illusions of Life and Death, the Subconscious Stranger, can not walk. on the muddy streets of Thoughts, than driven away, booed. and with a broken head, by those he wants to help, becoming a true Savior and Martyr, of our own Conscience. which we do not Know, being handcuffed in the prison, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which we paradoxically perceive, as being the only Chance for emancipation, of the Truth about own Self, reported to the Absurd.

### **38.** Long funeral processions of the Dreams of the Absurd

Crucified. on the massive and threatening Walls, of our own Thoughts that strike us with the fists of Hopes, every time, when we try to get dressed, and with another clothing, than with the Empty and Deserted Days, at fashion, among the Illusions of the Life, of the Happiness, Pain and Death, through the Fairs of the Eternities of Moments killed, and then led. toward the Cemeteries of the Meanings, by long funeral processions of the Dreams, of the Absurd.

### 39. Through the stifling dust of the Absurd

I can barely, to breathe my Hopes, through the stifling dust, of the Absurd. of the Alcoholic Falling Stars, through the ditches of my Destiny, which drain later, in the Ocean of prefabricated Dreams, by the Illusions of the Happiness and Pain, of the Life and Death, which I encounter them at every step, of the Compromises, with own Self, bathed by the waves of the Regrets, through which the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, they made a pact with Death.

### 40. Thus becoming a Vertebrate

Pierced by the thorns, of the Savior Crowns, and Healer of Dreams, of the Absurd. the Human Condition, has received the Spine, from the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, thus becoming a Vertebrate, what can move freely, among the Cemeteries of Words, of the Mistakes of Creation. finally knowing, the Original Sins, becoming Conscious, of, Good and Evil, which make her indebted, forever, to Death.

#### 41. The Faces of Happiness

Shores decomposed, by the Vices of the Time, bypassed even by the Desert of the Days, they lying consumed by the longing of the Freedom of Self, through the ruined Fairs, of the Victories of the Human Condition. over the Incarnations. in the Mud of the Absurd, which they claim to have reinvented, transforming it, from the bitter stone of the Pain. in that through which we guess, the Future of the Nobody, from which we sculpt, the Faces of Happiness, which we display, through the Showcases of our Souls, broken by the stones of the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins.

#### 42. To see His face of Savior

Flames of vain Dreams, kindle the Victories. of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, as their light, to blind even the Stars of Immortality, from the lost Heavens. in the mists of the Memories about the Future, of the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, of the Love, to which it was almost, to we see His face, of Savior, crucified on the cross of the Hope, to become us again, those before this World. whose coarse copy, we are now, embodied in the Mud of the Absurd, daily.

#### 43. The Markets of Nightmares

Winters of obscure Smiles, cover the rusty padlocks, of the funeral Processions, of Thoughts, desolate and sad, what they cross, the Markets of Nightmares, from where buy, the Illusions of Life and Death, those necessary for daily living, of the Absurd. ready at any time to satisfy them, the strangest needs, in matters of servility, such as, Pains enough atrocious, so that the oppressed Souls, to live under the Sky of the Original Sins, or Happinesses, with a term of validity, expired, from before being the World, of the cups of desert, from which we drink the bitterness of the Conscience.

### 44. Flying over the gray and cold Years

Wings, of hot coals, on which they dance for us, the Empty Days, of, Living Statues of the Absurd, the Waltzes of Sufferings, flying over the gray and cold Years, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, whose wagons of Reproaches, are attached to the trains, of our Compromises, which go without stopping, up to the station of Death, from where we are taken over, by Eternity, but without being revealed to us, to whom exactly it belongs.

# 45. We are a World of Foreheads of the Chairs of the Nobody

We are a World of Foreheads, of the Chairs of the Nobody, Absurd. furrowed by the deep Wrinkles, of the Earthquakes of the Pain, which leave deep Traces, on the ruined bridges of the Dreams, what should have united us, with the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth. of the Love, and by no means, with Death, which awaits us indifferently and defiantly, riding proudly and victoriously, riding proud and victorious, on the defective Genes, of the Blood of the Ancestors of Suffering.

#### 46. On the escalators of the Absurd

Hierarchies of decomposed Smiles, are lined up, on the escalators of the Absurd, from the big shopping malls, of the Pain, from where the Suffering buys, all that is necessary, to clothe our Souls, in the holiday clothes, of the Despair, which we are forced to accompany her, in the funeral processions, of the Illusions of Life and Death, what lead us daily, the Eternities of Moments, on the last road. for to be swallowed, with greed and contempt, by Death.

#### 47. Not to worship to the Carved Faces

Torches of Thoughts, traverse the Darkness, of the rigged Dice of the Destinies, piercing with the glimmers of the Dreams, the Victory of to become, Hopes, which not to worship, to the Carved Faces, from the bitter stone, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, which they create for us, the Illusions of Life and Death, for to fit to us, the numbers too large, of the Steps of the Absurd, which we must wear. at the Ball of Suffering.

### 48. From the slavery of the Incarnation in the Mud of the Absurd

The Heavens of Pain are broken, by the sharp Hourglasses of the Times, which shape us, the heavy and oppressive lead, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, according to the desires of liberation, from the slavery, of the Incarnation in the Mud of the Absurd, of each one of us, we who will finally gain, the Great Victory of Death, over all that is Death, what will die defeated, forever.

#### 49. Gray Skies of Absurd

Sand, of Words, leaked into the Hourglasses, of the Glances of lead, whose gray Skies, of Absurd, they begin to rust their Thoughts, on the Tears of the Tombs of Dreams, what have drowned in the Bitter Days, which collapse to the gnawed soles, of the Empty Hopes, who have no choice. who have no choice, than to wear the Cloak of thorns, of the Non-Senses of the Existence, so as not to be booed, by the Debauchery, of the Illusions of Life and Death, on the muddy streets, of Destinies.

### 50. The Absurd governs us the Suffering

Ropes of Words, are hanging, by our necks, of singing swan, of the Aspirations to become again, ourselves, without being drowned, in the Remorses of the knotted Heavens, of the Dreams, which cannot be broken, by the ever heavier Horizons, of the Happiness and Pain, which pull them hard into the Inferno, built with so much effort, by, the Paradise of the Illusions of Life and Death, which, have called in aid, all the Non-Senses of the Existence. with the help of which, the Absurd governs us the Suffering.

#### 51. Smells, of Absurd

Lace, of Sky, is thrown on the tables of the Glances, full of the spices of the Sufferings, whose Smells of Absurd. they flood our nostrils, of the broken Blood. from the Genes of the Ancestors of the Pain, through which the Illusions of Happiness or Deception, of the Good or Evil, they caught us the Destinies, what, they ran on the Horizons of Non-Being, in the traps of the Time, devourer of the Eternities of Moments, what have transformed us. in thirsty beasts, by the Victory of the Blood.

#### 52. The Absurd and the Knowledge

Broken compromises, from the Glances of the Mistakes of Creation, of Original Sins, what they gave us, the Absurd and the Knowledge, for to know what the Pain is, when you love, and you want to give, the Infinity, which only the Non-Being can understand, when it floats. over the Endlessness, from the Eyes of Heaven, of the Love, whose body of Divine Light, ignites the Stars of Immortality, what they will never fall, through the alcoholic ditches of the Time, where we are imprisoned, by the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence.

#### 53. More and more stingy

Petals of Tears, shattered by the Winds of the Crevasses of the Separation, they dig deep into the ice of the Lips, whose Words. flow to us. on the tense faces of the decomposed Thoughts, which fall into our cups of the desert, of the Expectations, which we drink them. through the ruined stations of the Loneliness, where no longer passes, Nobody, apart from, the Illusions of Life and Death, more and more stingy, with the Pain received as a gift, from the Incarnation into the Absurd. of the Time. what would not want to end, before receiving and others, for the proper functioning of the Inferno we live in.

#### 54. From the Crossroads of the Skies

Eyes of Flint, of the Victory, of the Illusions of Happiness, they bring out seductive sparks, with a taste of Love, for the Stars who feel alone, on the vaults of other Words of Creation, and which confuse them, with other celestial Destinies, whose brilliance, it could blind even the Eternity, with which we covered our Infinity, before being the Being, enslaved by the Non-Senses of the Existence, of the Absurd, and thus they fall us, from, the Crossroads of the Skies, new Pains, which will be poured to us, by the Traps of the Time, in the old desert cups, of Vanities.

#### 55. At the Altars of the Despairs

Distances increasingly heavy, by ourselves, which we must carry on the exhausted shoulders, of the Knowledge, they strike the bells of the Vanity, which call the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, at the service of the Absurd, which is held on the Feast days, of Vanities. at the Altars of the Despairs, from the Cathedrals of the vain Hopes, which have lost all Confidence, in, the Love, which can no longer Believe in the chance, of to ever have us again, just like we were before, the Incarnation in the Mud, of the Cemeteries of Words, where we bury us, every bit of Moment, unjustly killed by the Time, mercenary, of the Pain.

#### 56. The Absurd Paradise of the Divine Power

And were carried, the Spirits of the Darkness, of the Illusions of Life and Death, together with those of Pain, over the Desert. which stretched far beyond, of, the Eyes of the Heavens that have been blinded, of, the desire to populate, the Desert of the Divine Thoughts, with, the Creation of the Mistake, of the Original Sins, which, to build, in Pharaonic Torments, through us, the Living Statues of Despair, the Absurd Paradise of the Divine Power, to which we raise every, Brick of Sweat, with the Suffering of the Incarnation, in an Absurd of Loneliness, where the Divine Light, seems to no longer reach, Never, so that the Tears of our Dreams, to can be seen and heard.

#### 57. Blinded by Illusions even in the present

When the Flames of Love, they set our Heavens of Dreams on fire, illuminating them with the Endlessness of the Feelings, the Eternity, arose from the Great Breaking of the Primordial Everything, a shard of the Illusions of Life and Death, in which we have cut us the veins of Immortality, believing that the Blood of Endlessness, which we have let to flow, it will shed victoriously, over the Universe of Divine Light, on which we often wrote, the name of Happiness, and by no means, in the Mud of the Incarnations in the Absurd. of Everything that meant Absolute Truth, in the breath of our Love, whose Wings have been cut off, by the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins,

in order to be incarcerated, in the Mud of the Non-Senses of the Existence, until she is ever saved, by our Subconscious Stranger, what will overcome the Abysses within ourselves, through which he wanders, blinded by Illusions, even in the present.

# 58. In the Shadow of the Shadows of the Absurd of Suffering

Waves of Warp, they hit the hierarchies of the Illusions of Power, washing them the Shores of Bitter Stone, with new Challenges, which to carve them. the victorious Prides, in the image and likeness, of the God of the Hierarchy, which they created for us, the Non-Senses of the Existence. what they will never let us, to we know the True Creator, who, hides, in the Shadow of the Shadows, of the Absurd of Suffering, and of the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, from where he writes us the scripts, which we have to interpret them, we, the Living Statues of the Nobody, being aware,

that if we knew Him, we would never play again, none of the Roles of the Pain, but we would hold him accountable, why he is believed, to be a God of Love?

### 59. As to come out victorious only the Absurd

Walls, of bitter Roots, they humiliate us the Tears of the Stars, from the dust of which, the Illusions of Life and Death. they stole the Atoms of the Meanings, mixing them in such a way, as to come out victorious, only the Absurd, from our Incarnation, in, the Despair, which to be as painful as possible, when we step, on the Alleys of the Cemeteries of Dreams, that are ending, in, the Death, which thus becomes, so desired and saviour, by ourselves.

### 60. Under the bridges of the Palms of the Conscience

Sacred Covenants,
they seal with the Seals of Despair,
the human Condition,
of the Living Statues,
which we interpret them,
in the humblest hypostases,
hidden under the bridges,
of the Palms of the Conscience,
of the Illusions of the Non-Sense of the Existence,
in order not to be noticed,
by the Subconscious Stranger,
which would inspire them,
the desire to escape,
from the daily Absurd,
of the Pain.

#### 61. Armies of Absurds

Unknown shores, of Times and Spaces, dig the Trenches in Flames, of the Horizons of Knowledge, whose black smoke, rises in the battle. with the Skies of the Vain Dreams, trying to defeat them, the Inertia of supremacy, which is in the tops of the Hierarchy, of the Illusions of the Non-Sense of the Existence. whose, Armies, of Absurds, they can destroy any piece of resistance, of the Eternities of Moments, through which we would try, to escape, from the prison of our own Self.

### 62. In the straps of the Incarnation in the Absurd

Apocalyptic unrests, springing from their own Self, break the massive and saving Walls, of the Tears emaciated, by the bodies of the Pain, which might cross us, the Bridges of the Conscience, toward the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, if the Illusions of Life and Death, would not have taken safety measures, tying us, to the necks, of singing swan, the already rusted medallions, of the Conservation Instincts, of the Vanity, from which we will never succeed, to part, as long as we are caught, in the straps of the Incarnation in the Absurd.

#### 63. The plays of Absurd Theater

Tired. of, how many Horizons of Sufferings, we have to carry, on the exhausted shoulders. of the Human Condition, of Living Statues, what, we are forced, to play the roles of the Death by ourselves, in the most diverse hypostases, on the scenes of the vain and rotten Dreams, of the Consciences. increasingly slippery and noisy, on the Cold of the End of World, from the Words spoken more and more often, by, the Illusions of Life and Death, in order to play them as profound as possible, the plays of Absurd Theater, on the muddy streets, of our own. Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 64. The Absurd that is drank in the cups of desert of the Destinies

Cheap bets of Empty Days, made on Incarnations, of the meaningless Smiles, are lost, through the smoky taverns of Time.

Stingy winters with the Snow of the Years, they cleanse the clothing of the Words, from the Frost of the Meanings, of some Lonelinesses.

Obtuse and heavy wings, they cover the Time with the Future of the Nobody, arching the Flight of the Regrets, over the bridges between, the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, and the Absurd, that is drank in the cups of desert, of Destinies.

#### 65. So endangered

Troubled Glances, they shouted, deaf, with the mute Voices of the Sufferings, the Peace with the own Self, so endangered, by the Illusions of Life and Death, what want only Eternities of Moments, boiled in the own juice of the Pain, of the Absurd of a Consciousness, of the Mistakes of Creation, of the Original Sins, on which did not ask her, Nobody, ever, if the Tears of Deceptions, can be clarified, by the Cemeteries of Words, of Word Cemeteries, or not.

#### 66. With the Meanings of the Non-Senses of the Existence

Broken from the Primordial Everything, the Word of Creation, he would never have believed. that it will reflect so strongly the Absurd, in the Great Universal Contemplation, so that to give birth to the Illusions, with all their arsenal, of killer weapons, of Dreams, on which to bury them, with endless funeral processions, of Deceptions, in the Cemeteries of the Words, uttered without purpose, a whole life, by each of us, which, we believe that we are telling the Truth, with the Meanings, of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 67. In a Knowledge of the Absurd

We sacrifice ourselves for a Creed, of the Nobody, in a Knowledge of the Absurd, where only the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth, would succeed to show us the Way, which even if we saw it, it wouldn't help us at all, to we find her, whereas the Meanings we perceive, belong only, to the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence, and what would be revealed to us, as being the Incarnation of Perfection, in our Consciousness, would appear, as something banal, and devoid of any importance, if not even a defiant thing, to the Heavens of Thoughts, and then?

How could we doubt, of, someone's Faith, even if this one, it does not seem to have any foundation, for us?

#### 68. Not one respite of thinking

Wandering on the muddy streets, of the Thoughts, I'm trying to discover myself, the one before being the World, and I knock full of emotions, at the locked gates of the Questions, where, after a waiting period, they answer me, some Empty Days, which entice me to participate, to the ideational Orgies of the Prides, held by their spiritual patron, Time, which gives me, an Eternity of Moment, and tells me to stay on his Realm.

No matter how hard I tried,
I never succeeded,
because every time,
I had no other choice than,
or it to die,
becoming a bridge to the Future,
how does it happen,
in the World of Incarnations in the Mud of the Pain,
or I felt,
how, Death has called me,
without to let to me, not one respite of thinking,
the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence,

of the Absurd.

And I did no longer choose, nothing, returning me bewildered, to the present Self.

#### 69. Which we forgive them every time

Where are they, the thorns of bloody Tears, of on the Crown of Salvation, from the Original Sins, of the God of the Mistakes of the Creation, which we forgive them every time, when we build for him, Cathedrals of worship, to the Absurd, of His own, Illusions of Life and Death. for which we were abducted, and before whom we prostrate, inventing all sorts, of Icons Miracle Makers, to the Pains. which we are condemned, to we carry them, on the shoulders of our Steps, sad and depressed.

#### 70. Glorifying the Absurd

Sleepers, of Thoughts,
they carry the rails of train of the Desolation,
over the rusty frontiers of the Horizons,
more and more heavy and bewildered,
by the flowers of ice,
which we laid them,
at the opaque windows,
of the Dreams,
through which we cannot observe,
than the Cemeteries of Words,
on which, the Destiny,
he addresses them to us daily,
glorifying the Absurd,
under whose Sky we carry,
the gray lead of the Years.

#### 71. On the terrace of the vain Dreams of the Absurd

It's raining with Despair, over the frozen Smiles, of the Thoughts, lost in the suffocating agglomeration, of Memories, which travel together with me, in the same Heaven of Deception, where I find them every time, worn by the Empty Days, on the muddy streets, of my Destiny, where I hit myself without wanting, every morning, by, the Loneliness, which comes out to take a breath of fresh air, on the terrace of the vain Dreams, of the Absurd.

#### 72. The Lace of the Absurd

We hurry every time, to Nowhere, without ever forgetting, to take with us and the Consciousness, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of Existence, with whose needles, we crochet the Lace of the Absurd, which we wear every time, chilled by the Illusions of Happiness, knowing that keeps it warm, the Lie, which is moving us further and further away, from the possibility, of to be ourselves.

We hurry every time, forgetting about us while admiring the Lace of the Absurd, on the streets of Nobody, which we no longer know who created it.

#### 73. Old calendars

Old calendars, with the forgotten Days, long ago than the Weather, they lie disinherited, of any Hopes, which trampled them, somewhere - sometime, the Thresholds, in an indescribable agglomeration, of the Dreams, from which we sculpted, the faces of Fire, of so many Loves, which have burned us, even the Absurd, of the Illusions of Life and Death, from the ashes of which. we have made Memories, which we keep them hanging, in the rusty nails, which have become today, of the Nobody.

#### 74. The Being of the Absurd

Doomed to we carry, on the exhausted shoulders of the Thoughts, the ordeal of Concepts and Ideas of the Consciousness, of the Illusions of Life and Death. we will never succeed, to understand the Subconscious Stranger, of the Absolute Truth. because he cannot communicate to us, through the language of the Knowledge, but of the Instincts, which we are aware of. only depending on the Knowledge vitiated, by the Non-Senses of the Existence, where Death cannot die, when we die, together with the Being of the Absurd, which we embody, through our own Self.

#### 75. The Freedom and the Absurd

The Freedom and the Absurd, they are only concepts of the Being, because both intertwine, mutually conditioning their Existence, existing through the Being, while the Non-Being, does not need Freedom and the Absurd, whereas it includes Everything as a whole, and not as a structure.

Our Knowledge, it is a distorted reflection, of the Being in Non-Being, and of the Relative Truths, in one Unique, Absolute Truth, due to the Illusions of Life and Death.

#### 76. Absurd and Vanity

Although we open Windows of Heaven, over the Hearts of Infinity, of the Dreams, we often build. without we want, sand castles, at the gates of which we write our names, on the nameless shores, of the Tears of some Questions, about the Separation from ourselves, with which to we fill the Beings of the Hourglasses, which to sift our Days, on the zebra of the Passings, between the Absurd and Vanity, Life and Death, of the Illusions of the Non-Senses of the Existence.

#### 77. They blind me with the Absurd

And have returned, the Dawns, what they blind me, with the Absurd, springing from the gray of the lead flowers, which they give me, to the Loneliness, what accompanies me everywhere, trying to enlighten me, the Clouds of Dreams, of the Illusions of Life and Death, which I pretended not to see them, although I wandered together with them, on deserted and cold streets, of the Empty Days, by me myself.

# Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation

PhD Professor Stefan Borbély, at the Babes-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine Contemporanul (The Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, Gnoses of Sorin Cerin, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The

dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the textsrevelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of such an

autarchic (Autarky) spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words," "ruined cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Giovanni Battista Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration (Thomas d'Aquino's acedia, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner

resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still, in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled Where we will be forced to stay:

\*We embarked, /on the ship of the Vanity, /with the name of Happiness, /without we knowing, /that the ports in which will dock, /are those of the Pain and Absurd, /followed in the end, /by the one called, Death, /where we will be forced to stay, /forever, /separated from the identity of Love, /what will be stolen from us, /by another Destiny, /what will no longer belong to us, /for to be carried in the distances, /of

the Heart of Fire, /of the Eternity of the Moment, /given somewhere sometime, /by your Glances, /now lost, /among the Flowers of Tears, .of the Memories.\*

It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the heen forbidden poet writes have we know". Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does nothing but move away from the Subconscious Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in

the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the from its substance, the preparation sharing, transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie antieschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed,

unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion ?: the poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes.

<u>PhD Professor Al Cistelecan</u> within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelecan considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry,relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of

philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity

problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized, or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the uppercase, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these

nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," " the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discoursive), but and one of uniformity.

Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discoursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good.", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive, no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections."

#### <u>PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist</u> <u>poet of the 21st Century</u>

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in România literară, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, Convorbiri Literare, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title An existentialist poet of the 21st century, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in România literară, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking."

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Nonsense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.

Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist avant la lettre.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what perspective, intellectual and emotional, them develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in an another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you them read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of

the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd," "Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", f la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words

lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ... ".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century.

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness."

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

#### **SORIN CERIN**

#### - ABSURD - Philosophical poems

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises /

and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make, Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an *artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from

Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

Ana Blandiana: "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold."

PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu: "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban**: "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the

world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan: "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicalness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human

being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

PhD Professor Mircea Muthu: "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu: "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title."

<u>PhD Professor Ion Vlad</u>: "Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book "The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism".

Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu: "Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Clui, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga (through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, 'a rebours, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

PhD Professor Călin Teutișan: "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible

map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

PhD Professor Cornel Moraru: "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension, in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence."

<u>PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru</u>: "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine

in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, them incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

PhD Professor Stefan Borbély: "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

Gheorghe Andrei Neagu: "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from "From the eyes of the divine light, page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

Marian Odangiu: "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

Eugen Evu: "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, "the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vinea wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the 'room with mirrors' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed, nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

#### **Books published**

#### Sapiential Literature

#### Volumes of aphorisms

- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme</u>
   <u>Filozofice-Opere Complete-Ediția2020</u>, the United States of America <u>2020</u>, <u>Sorin Cerin Wisdom</u>
   <u>Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete</u>
   <u>Works -2020Edition</u> contains <u>16777</u> aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>The Future of Artificial Intelligence</u>-philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence philosophical aphorisms, contains 4162 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale</u> Conține un număr de 505 aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020;
   <u>Destiny of Artificial Intelligence</u> 505 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Iubire şi Absurd</u> contains 449 aphorisms, Statele
   Unite ale Americii 2019; <u>Love and Absurd</u> contains
   449 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020
- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii
  contains 445 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale
  Americii 2019; The Impact of Artificial Intelligence
  on Mankind 445 aphorisms, the United States of
  America 2019
- <u>Credință și Sfințenie la Om și Mașină</u> contains 749 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Faith

- and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America <u>2019</u>
- Necunoscutul absurd contains 630 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains 630 aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii</u> contains 727 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; <u>The Far Future of Mankind</u> contains 727 aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Aforisme filosofice esențiale Ediția</u> 2019 contains 13222 aphorisms Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains 709
   aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains 709
   aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- <u>Culegere de Înțelepciune Opere Complete de Aforisme Ediție de Referință</u> the United States of America 2019; <u>Wisdom Collection Complete Works of Aphorisms Reference Edition 2019</u>, contains
   12513 aphorisms- the United States of America 2019
- <u>Judecători</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>;
   <u>Judges</u> –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America <u>2019</u>
- Culegere de Înțelepciune Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediție de ReferințăWisdom Collection -Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, contains 11486 aphorisms structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014

- <u>Dumnezeu şi Destin</u>, Paco Publishing House,
   Romania, 2014, <u>God and Destiny</u>, the United States of America, 2014
- <u>Rătăcire</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania
   2013, <u>Wandering</u>, the United States of America, 2014
- <u>Libertate</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013,
   Freedom the United States of America, 2013
- <u>Cugetări esențiale</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2013</u>
- Antologie de înțelepciune, the United States of America 2012 <u>Anthology of wisdom</u>, the United States of America, 2012 contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Deşertăciune</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania,
   2011, <u>Vanity</u>, the United States of America, <u>2011</u>
- Paradisul şi Infernul, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2011, Paradise and Inferno, the United States of America, 2011
- <u>Păcatul</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011,
   The Sin, the United States of America, 2011
- <u>Illuminare</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011
   <u>Illumination</u>, contains 693 aphorisms the Unites States of America, 2011
- <u>Culegere de înțelepciune (Wisdom Collection)</u> in which appear for the first time in Romanian the volumes Înțelepciune(The book of wisdom), Patima (The Booh of Passion) and Iluzie și Realitate (The Book of Illusion and Reality), together with those reissued as Nemurire (The Book of Immortality), Învață să mori (The Book of the Dead) and Revelații (The Book of Revelations), volumes that appeared both separately and together in the collection in the online or printed

English editions of United States, <u>Wisdom Collection</u> **contains 7012 aphorisms** the United States of America 2009

- <u>The Booh of Passion</u>, the United States of America, 2010
- <u>The Book of Illusion and Reality</u>, the United States of America 2010
- The book of wisdom, the United States of America 2010, contains 1492 aphorisms
- Învață să mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009, The Book of the Dead, the United States of America, 2010, contains 1219 aphorisms
- Nemurire, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009,
   The Book of Immortality, the United States of America,
   2010, contains 856 aphorisms
- Revelaţii 21 Decembrie 2012, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2008, The Book of Revelations, the United States of America, 2010, contains 2509 aphorisms

Volumes of philosophical studies

- <u>Sorin Cerin</u>: The Coaxialism Final Edition the United States of America 2021
- <u>Matematica Coaxiologică Transcendentală</u> the United States of America <u>2021</u>; <u>The Transcendental</u> <u>Coaxiological Mathematics</u> the United States of America <u>2021</u>
- Sorin Cerin: The Philosophical Works of the
   <u>Coaxialism</u> 2020 Reference Edition the United States of America 2020; Sorin Cerin operele Filozofice ale 
   <u>Coaxialismului- editia 2020</u> the United States of America 2020
- <u>Coaxialismul</u> Editie completa de referinta, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of

America 2010 <u>The Coaxialism</u>- Complete reference edition, the United States of America 2011

- Moarte, neant aneant viață şi Bilderberg Group,
   First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010, Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being, the United States of America 2020
- <u>Logica coaxiologică</u>, First edition, Romania <u>2007</u>, the second, the United States of America 2014; <u>The</u> <u>Coaxiological Logic</u> the United States of America <u>2020</u>
- <u>Starea de concepțiune în fenomenologia</u> <u>coaxiologică</u>, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; <u>The Creation</u> the United States of America 2020
- Antichrist, ființă şi iubire, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2012 <u>The Evil</u>, the United States of America 2014
- <u>Iubire</u> the United States of America 2012, <u>Amour</u> the United States of America 2010, <u>Love</u>, the United States of America 2012

Volumes of philosophical poetry

- <u>Fără tine Iubire Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Without you Love</u> <u>Philosophical and love poems</u> the United States of America 2021
- Am crezut în Nemărginirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019; I believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019
- <u>Te-am iubit-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>I loved you - Philosophical poems</u>-the United States of America 2019
- <u>Să dansăm Iubire -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Let's dance Love-</u>

<u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2021

- <u>Sfințenia Iubirii -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2019
- Steaua Nemuririi -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 The Star of Immortality-Philosophical poems -the United States of America 2018
- <u>Iluzia Mântuirii-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Întâmplare Neîntâmplătoare -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>Singuratatea Nemuririi -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Drame de Companie -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Calea spre Absolut -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Dumnezeul meu -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Angoase existentiale-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 Existential Anguishes -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Mai Singur -Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>More lonely - Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America <u>2019</u>
- <u>Pe Umerii Lacrimii Unui Timp -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>În sălbăticia Sângelui -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Început și Sfârșit -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018

- Marea Iluzie a Spargerii Totului Primordial Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Transcendental Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Amintirile Viitorului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Înțelesul Iubirii Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Tot ce a rămas din noi este Iubire Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Creația Iubirii Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Zâmbetul este floarea Sufletului Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Omul este o șoaptă mincinoasă a Creației Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Condiția Umană- Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Agonia-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Iubire şi Sacrificiu-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Disperare-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- Statuile Vivante ale Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Living Statues of the Absurd - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Arta Absurdului Statuilor Vivante Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Absurd</u>-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

- Greața și Absurdul -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Alienarea Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Depresiile Absurdului Carismatic –Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zilele fără adăpost ale Absurdului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Stelele Căzătoare ale Durerii Lumii de Apoi Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- <u>Cunoașterea este adevărata Imagine a Morții -</u>
   <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America
   2018
- <u>Teatrul Absurd- Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>The Absurd Theater-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2018
- <u>Vise -Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>; <u>Dreams-Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2018</u>
- <u>În Inima ta de Jar Iubire-Philosophical poems</u>the United States of America 2018
- Nemurirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018, The Immortality of Love-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Timpul pierdut-Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018, The Lost Time -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- <u>Iluzia Existenței -Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) 2017 <u>The Illusion of Existence:</u> <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017

- <u>Existențialism Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) <u>2017 Existentialism: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2017</u>
- <u>Ființă și Neființă -Philosophical poems</u> (Statele Unite ale Americii) <u>2017Being and Nonbeing:</u> <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- Oglinzile Paralele ale Genezei -Philosophical
   poems (the United States of America) 2017The Parallel
   Mirrors of the Genesis: Philosophical poems the
   United States of America 2017
- Existenta si Timp -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 Existence and Time:
   Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Objecte de Cult -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 Objects of Worship:
   Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- Copacul Cunoașterii -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017The Tree of The Knowledge: Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- <u>Iluzia Amintirii-Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2017The Illusion of Memory:</u> <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2017</u>
- <u>Iluzia Mortii -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2017The Illusion of Death:</u>
   <u>Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2017</u>
- <u>Eternitate -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2017 Eternity: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America <u>2017</u>
- Strainul Subconstient al Adevarului Absolut - <u>Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2016

- <u>Paradigma Eternitatii -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2016</u>
- Marea Contemplare Universala -Philosophical poems the United States of America) 2016
- <u>Bisericile Cuvintelor -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America)2016
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- <u>Vremurile Cuielor Tulburi -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America)<u>2016</u>
- <u>Divinitate -Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) <u>2016</u>
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- Origami -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2016
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- <u>A Fi Poet</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, Bucureşti Romania 2015
- O Clipă de Eternitate eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania 2015
- <u>Suntem o Hologramă</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania <u>2015</u>
- <u>Zile de Carton</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania 2015
- <u>Fericire</u> eLiteratura Publishing House, București Romania <u>2015</u>
- Nonsensul Existentei the United States of America 2015 The Nonsense of Existence - Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
- <u>Liberul arbitru</u> the United States of America <u>2015</u>
   <u>The Free Will Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America 2016

- <u>Marile taceri</u> the United States of America
   2015 The Great Silences Poems of Meditation the
   United States of America 2016
- Ploi de Foc the United States of America
   2015 Rains of Fire Poems of Meditation the United
   States of America 2016
- Moarte the United States of America 2015 Death - <u>Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America 2016
- <u>Iluzia Vieții</u> the United States of America <u>2015 The</u>
   <u>Illusion of Life Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America <u>2016</u>
- <u>Prin cimitirele viselor</u> the United States of America
   2015 Through The Cemeteries of The Dreams Poems of Meditation the United States of America 2016
- <u>Îngeri şi Nemurire</u> the United States of America 2014 <u>Angels and Immortality - Poems of Meditation</u> the United States of America 2017
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Volumes of poetry of philosophy of love

- <u>In Memoriam</u>- Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America <u>2020</u>
- O Moarte a Iubirii Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America 2020
- De ce plâng Ingerii Iubirii Philosophical poems of love , the United States of America 2020; Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems the United States of America 2021

- <u>Inimi de cenuşă-</u>- Philosophical poems of love, the United States of America <u>2019</u>; <u>Hearts of Ashes</u> -Philosophical and love poems, the United States of America <u>2021</u>
- The Philosophy of Love <u>- Dragoste şi Destin Philosophical poems</u> (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love Love and <u>Destiny: Philosophical poems</u> the United States of America 2017
- The Philosophy of Love Verighetele Privirilor Philosophical poems (the United States of America)

  2017 The Philosophy of Love-The Wedding Rings of Glances-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2017
- The Philosophy of Love Fructul Oprit Philosophical poems (the United States of America)
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- The Philosophy of Love Lacrimi -Philosophical poems (the United States of America) 2017 The Philosophy of Love- Tears: Philosophical poems the United States of America2017

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- Adresa unei cești de cafea, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
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- <u>Legendele sufletului</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- Adevăr, Amintire, Iubire, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
- <u>Eram Marile Noastre Iubiri</u>, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2012</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2012
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- Templul inimii, Paco Publishing House, Romania,
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   2011
- <u>Poeme de dragoste</u>, Paco Publishing House,
   Romania, <u>2009</u>, second edition, the United States of America, 2011

#### Novels

- Destin, Paco Publishing House, Romania, <u>2003</u>
- The trilogy <u>Destiny</u> with the volumes <u>Psycho</u> <u>Apocalipsa</u> and <u>Exodus</u>, Paco Publishing House, Bucuresti, Romania 2004,
  - <u>The origin of God</u> appeared in the United States of America with the volumes <u>The Divine Light</u>, <u>Psycho</u>, <u>The Apocalypse</u> and <u>Exodus</u> 2006

• *The Divine Light* appeared in the United States of America 2010

#### Nonfiction volumes

- Wikipedia pseudo-enciclopedia minciunii, cenzurii și dezinformării, appeared in English with the title: Wikipedia:Pseudo-encyclopedia of the lie, censorship and misinformation; The first critical book about Wikipedia that reveals the abuses, lies, mystifications from this encyclopedia – the United States of America – 2011
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